

tations of the beautiful old, almost unprocurable black and gold Asyut veils. It was great fun bargaining from the safe vantage grounds of the deck, especially when the peddler laboured under the additional disadvantage of being every now and then charged down upon by the watchful policeman, who has orders to keep the landing stage clear.

When we go ashore, in the cool of the late afternoon, there is a pleasant sense of civilization in everything. Have we been only three days from civilization and do we already welcome it? Oh, well, it is our last sight of big white houses, and carriages and railways for two months, and when we see them again it will be with regret. But the cleanliness is pleasant, and the bright gardens and prosperous looks of the inhabitants. The boys mostly speak English, and have been taught at the big American Mission School, which is doing so much work here, especially among the Copts. Asyut has always been a Coptic centre, and there is no doubt that the Copts are taking their full share of the new life and prosperity of Egypt. The English who know Egypt best have a depreciating habit of speaking of the Copts, but for a thousand years or more they have been a persecuted race, and it is small wonder if they have the vices of the persecuted—duplicity and dishonesty. It may well be hoped that with freedom to expand these may disappear, and that some fresh life may be grafted into the drooping tree of their Christianity.

The exploring of the crowded, bright-coloured bazaars—the ride out to the foot of the hillside where the tombs are, and from which the city is very fair to see, come on the next morning, a morning whose fresh soft breath made life a joy, and soon after noon we were steaming southward with the glow over the blue hills growing deeper, the sunshine warmer, and all things telling of the south, the south.

That night when at dessert old Achmed appeared to make his usual speech, the statement, "De donkyns, him will be ready at half-past eight. Please, ladies and gentleman, do not forget your muniment tecket," brought forth a deeper groan, and a more sarcastic cheer than usual.

But, after all, in spite of our grumbling, they were pleasant things those early starts in the cool of the morning after a hurried, cheerful breakfast, when the last comer was remorselessly chaffed. The temple of Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, at Denderah, was our destination, and after a short ride the massive portal, with its row of Hathor-headed columns, showed through the rubbish heaps and remains of Coptic mud houses that once covered the spot. It was our first sight of a well-preserved temple, and although later, we were to learn to be more exacting, and to speak slightly of "later Ptolemaic," the solemn strength of this deserted fane impressed us forcibly.

Solid and strong stood the walls and pillars and roof, as on the day when the long procession of priests wound out from the dark sanctuary where no profane foot might enter, through the crowded outer courtyards, and out and up the staircase to the great roof from which the conjunction of certain planets was worshipped.

We followed in the way they used to tread and loiter long on the roof, basking in the hot sunshine, exploring the small temple of Osiris, tracing out the route up and down steps and terraces, that the procession followed.

The air is full of a steady murmur like the sound of distant waves, but which turns out to be the murmuring of innumerable bees; and they are, indeed, innumerable, for the air is full of them, and what is worse, here, as in so many other temples, they deface the carvings and hieroglyphics with their clusters of conelike little nests. As long as time permits we loiter on the roof, and then scramble round over the rubbish heaps to the back of the temple to see the portrait of Anthony's Cleopatra that is carved on the outer wall. A full, simpering face, carved in the weak lines of a decadent art, so different from the delicate strength of the outlines of the Rameseide golden period. One tires of it enough before one leaves Egypt, in photographs and in the decoration of hotel dining rooms. To what uses do the mighty of the earth come!

By noon we are on board and off, and by four o'clock that afternoon—a still grey day—we are all gathered in force on the forepart of the deck on the lookout for the first view of Luxor.

We strain our eyes eagerly over the Theban plain in search of the mighty ruins. We cannot understand why they should be so undiscoverable. I maintain that I can see the Colossi, in a place where I afterwards knew no Colossi to

be. Later on we were to learn to pick out the dark outline of each temple, but to-day we only succeeded in confusing ourselves.

There was no mistaking, however, that pallid-hued barren mountain that rose behind the Theban plain, and that all knew to contain the sepulchre of Egyptian royalty. There was no mistaking the great dark bulk of the Karnak pylons that showed across the Luxor fields. And there, close to the water side is the long line of brown pillars of Luxor temple, mixed up with the square pink and white houses of the modern village.

And then all at once a multiplexity of shore interests take hold of us. Letters, telegrams, washing, friends at the hotel or in dahabizels, hotel accommodation, all these various pre-occupations scatter our watching group. The middle point of our voyage is reached.

* * * Montreal Affairs.

THE extraordinary development of the use of the bicycle has brought up the question of its rights in the streets, and the city authorities are now labouring on the draughting of a by-law dealing with the question. Heretofore bicyclers have been debarred from using the sidewalks, while the drivers of carriages have looked upon them as interlopers in the roadway; so the passage of a by-law defining their rights may be a good thing for them if the restrictions are not too severe. The first draft of the proposed regulations compels bicyclers to carry a bell all the time and a lamp at night, to slow up almost to the point of stopping at every intersecting street, and not to exceed the speed of six miles an hour, which is the time limit fixed for vehicles. The two last provisions do not meet with approval by the bicyclers, nor are they favourably disposed to the stipulation that lamps should be carried, as they contend that the streets are so well lit at night that it is entirely unnecessary. The restrictions on speed, if enforced, would seriously affect the value of the bicycle as a commercial agent, which it has now become. Many, of course, ride the wheel for pleasure, but the proportion of those who regard the bicycle simply as a business investment is steadily enlarging. The city canvassers for commercial houses, reporters for newspapers, and all whose business takes them over the city utilize the bicycles because they are cheaper and swifter than either cabs or cars. Scores of business men in the outlying portions of the city have taken to using the bicycle because they have found that with its aid they can go home at noon, have their dinner with their families, and get back to their offices in reasonable time. But if the bicycle is to continue to fulfil these functions a speed of from nine to ten miles an hour must be allowed. A careful bicyclist can go through the streets at that rate and do no damage. The real danger to pedestrians is from the "scorchers"—mostly young fools who make the asphalt streets a training ground and go along them at a breakneck speed with their heads doubled into their wheels.

The use of the bicycle by women is growing here as elsewhere. A year or so ago the sight of a woman pedalling her way along the street was odd enough to make pedestrians turn their head and look; now it is taken as a matter of course. Indeed, there is in existence a ladies' bicycle club made up of the most exclusive members of our upper ten. It was organized last spring when a hall was hired and an instructor engaged. If the club should ever determine to have a street parade it would certainly prove a drawing card in our Belgravia. The bloomer which seems to be sweeping along on the tide of popular favour south of the line has not, however, yet made its appearance. I have not heard of a single one being seen in the streets as yet.

Montreal as a resort for pugilists is getting to rival New Orleans. During the past nine months there have been held in this city repeated encounters between prize-fighters. These have been called sparring matches, but they are just as much prize-fights as the Corbett-Sullivan battle at New Orleans was. Last week a prize-fighter named Steve O'Donnell, the travelling companion of Corbett, fought a finish fight with another pugilist, named Woods, in the presence of two thousand people, in the Crystal Rink which is situated in Dorchester Street, West, in one of the most exclusive parts of the city. They battered one another for fifteen rounds before Woods finally was "put to sleep" as the saying is. The people of that part of the city have